

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Prophets Of Rage"

With vice I hold the mike device  
With force I keep it away of course  
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'  
And on stage I rage  
And I'm rollin'  
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors  
Not bluffin', it's nothin'  
That we ain't did before  
We played you stayed  
The points made  
You consider it done  
By the prophets of rage  
(Power of the people say)

I roll with the punches so I survive  
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive  
I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'  
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'  
Wa wiggle round and round  
I pump, you jump up  
Hear my words my verbs  
And get juiced up  
I been around a while  
You can descibe my sound  
Clear the way  
For the prophets of rage  
(Power of the people say)

I rang ya bell  
Can you tell I got feelin'  
Just peace at least  
Cause I want it  
Want it so bad  
That I'm starvin'  
I'm like Garvey  
So you can see B  
It's like that, I'm like Nat  
Leave me the hell alone  
If you don't think I'm a brother  
Then check the chromosomes  
Then check the stage  
I declare it a new age  
Get down for the prophets of rage  
Keep you from gettin' like this

You back the track  
You find we're the quotable

You emulate  
Brothers, sisters that's beautiful  
Follow a path  
Of positivity you go  
Some sing it or rap it  
Or harmonize it through Go-Go  
Little you know but very  
Seldom I do party jams  
About a plan

I'm considered the man  
I'm the recordable  
But God made it affordable  
I say it, you play it  
Back in your car or even portable  
Stereo

Describes my scenario  
Left or right, Black or White  
They tell lies in the books  
That you're readin'  
It's knowledge of yourself  
That you're needin'  
Like Vescey or Prosser  
We have a reason why  
To debate the hate  
That's why we're born to die  
Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher  
You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage  
(Power of the people you say)

It's raw and keepin' you on the floor  
Its soul and keepin' you in control  
It's pt. 2 cause I'm  
Pumpin' what you're used to  
Until the whole juice crew  
Gets me in my goose down  
I do the rebel yell  
And I'm the duracell  
Call it plain insane  
Brothers causein' me pain  
When a brothers a victim  
And the sellers a dweller in a cage  
Yo, run the a capella  
(Power of the people say)